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Dr Miss Beaton

A Merry Christmas!

Your appreciative
friend

Willie Gray Layton

216-H-139th St-

December

1896



2000

NOV 18 1895



Faithfully Yours
Bella Gray Taylor

The Concrete

FOR THE

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G. P. JENNINGS, CLERK

NEW YORK

DEPT.

OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

AND THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

CHIEF OF BUREAU

1900

ALL INFORMATION



Captive Conceits

By

Belle Gray Taylor
//



G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK

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24 BEDFORD STREET, STRAND

The Knickerbocker Press

1896

THE
END

THE
KNICKERBOCKER PRESS

MS. A
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BY
BELLE GRAY TAYLOR

The Knickerbocker Press, New York

TO MR. W. W. WILSON
LIBRARIAN

TO
GRACE AND MAY

A labor of love, my daughters,
This little book hath been,
And oft when the troubled waters
Have rough been rolling in,
I've seen on the crest a pleasant conceit
And captured it, ere it could make its retreat.
To-day I enchain them and surrender to ye
Their keeping, secured by Love's padlock and key.

M191911



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CAPTIVE CONCEITS

POESIE'S AWAKENING.

OUTSIDE the threshold of my soul
I heard a plaintive wail,
And flinging back the portal full
In swept a mighty gale.

"Who calleth there?" amazed I cried,
"What means this mystery?"
"Lo, it is I," a voice replied,
"I 've come to dwell with thee."

"Where art thou, strange, uncanny guest?
Thy presence close I feel;
A mystic gleam illumines my breast
But doth not thee reveal.

“ Soars now my brain to dizzy heights,
My heart is all aglow,
My being 's filled with wild delights—
It ne'er before was so.

“ O unseen guest, what is thy name ?
Why com'st to me like this ?
Not honor, wealth, nor mighty fame
Could bring to me such bliss.”

“ Lo, I am of the muses nine,
And Poesie I 'm called ;
I came to thee by right divine
To wake from sense enthralled.

“ And as the years have swift flown by
I 've paused here times a score,
But thou heard'st not my haunting cry
Behind thy close barred door.

“Thy soul is stored with precious wares
Close packed and darkly shelved,
Whilst thou among the noisome tares
In lowly depths hast delved.

“Unfold thy shutters thick and tall,
No more in darkness dwell;
Disclose thy treasures, each and all—
Believe, thou doest well.

“Here 's satire keen as Damascus steel,
And pathos, velvety soft.
Now list while I thy wealth reveal—
I 've tried so long and oft.

“Here 's malachite in rarest blocks,
The jealous fiend's own shade;
Of courage, adamantine rocks
In strata deep are laid.

“ Of passion, here are rubies rare,
And opals, pale, of grief ;
Love's sapphires, blue, beyond compare,
Surpassing all belief.

“ Here 's onyx black of deep despair,
And corals bright of hope ;
Diamonds of wit are gleaming fair
Adown thy life's dim slope.”

“ O joy of wealth ! O wondrous guest !
Thou 'st fev'rous turned my brain—
Where erstwhile all was peace and rest
Wild chaos now doth reign.”

“ Nay, fear thee not, for potent aid
Shall be at thy command ;
My mantle now is o'er thee laid
And loyal here I stand.

“ Deep in thy soul poetic chimes
I 'm ringing sweet and clear;
Delay no more, breathe forth thy rhymes
That others too may hear.

“ Haste! To the world thy jewels flash,
Thy golden fancies frame—
Unminding the keen critic's lash
And seeking naught of fame.”

DOLORS.

THE tide has ebb'd rich freighted.

All hope, love, joy are gone ;
Her heart with sorrow weighted
Hears but the low deep monotone
Of grief's sad wavelets '

Despairing moan—

Despairing moan.

The dismal cypress' darkening shade
Spreads o'er her like a pall,
And phantom shapes in mists arrayed—
Ghosts of dead hopes beyond recall,

With shadowy wings

Flit over all—

Flit over all.

The twilight dew's fall dark and dank,
The night wind sighs a dirge ;
Noisome vapors, poisonous, rank,
From gruesome haunts emerge ;—

Still waits she there

On night's grim verge—

On night's grim verge.

Why lingers the maid in deepening gloom?
Why flees she not the haunted shore?
Vain, vain her flight ! for 't is her doom
To dwell with shadows evermore,

And in her soul

Pale phantoms soar—

Pale phantoms soar.

EQUIPOISE.

WISDOM and Folly went out one day
In a pleasure yacht to sail on the bay :
Folly hoisted the sail to its fullest extent—
Wisdom reefed in, on safety intent.

Where e'er you sail,
To keep afloat
Take Wisdom with Folly
To balance the boat.

Hope and Despair walked forth at eve :
Despair sank exhausted, Hope touched her
sleeve,
“Come, farther advance, I see for the morrow
A sky blue and bright, with no cloud of sorrow.”

Despair raised her head
From the cold, damp ground,
And her weight held young Hope
Within Reason's fair bound.

Joy and Sorrow sat side by side :
Sorrow's wet lids by Joy were dried ;
Joy laughed out in careless glee,
Sorrow gently chid, " Give a thought to me."

A smile for a tear—
Though justice sleeps,
A joy for a fear
The balance keeps.

Poverty and Wealth, though seeming no friends,
Each to the other pays dividends ;
This thing is true, just give it a thought,
Nothing is sold but something is bought,
And nothing is lost but something is won,
While good and evil parallel run.

Let pessimists groan
And talk as they will,
This planet of ours
Is well balanced still.

WEFT.

FLYING in and out,
The shuttle ran rife
Through the spotless warp
Of a maiden's life.

Glancing back and forth,
A shimmer of light
Was quick woven in,
Of her heart's true knight.

Flitting fast and free,
A dim shadow ran—
A faint doubt of him,
That falsely began.

Darting fierce and wild,
With rattle and din,
A jealous tangle
Was woven of him.

.

Softly and slow
The shuttle ran—
Love was regaining
Her lost faith in man.

Silent and still,
The loom at rest—
The web is woven,
Her heart in his breast.

CORINNE.

AH, gentle Corinne!
With thy violin
Thou fashionest music so sweet,
I could lie all day
And dream life away
On the turf at thy dainty feet.

'Neath evergreen shade,
In the sylvan glade,
I close to the infinite pause,
As thy magic bow,
So weird and low,
Its music strange, mystical, draws.

Thou 'rt shy as a bird,
Yet thy notes are heard
In the halls of fashion and light,
And thy subtle spell
Thou weavest as well
As beneath the dark dome of night.

For thy soul, agleam
With its mighty theme,
Thy terrors doth vanish like mist;
And with rapturous glow
Thou handlest thy bow,
By the spirit of music kissed.

Corinne, ah Corinne!
With thy violin
Thou drawest all hearts to thee;
My homage I bring—
This song would I sing,
But music ne'er dwelleth with me.

THE NEW WOMAN.

TIME was when man monopolized
The best of all a-going,
But now you need not be surprised
If woman does some crowing.

For what she 's done this last decade
Is quite a ten years' wonder,
And the genus *Homo* stands dismayed
Though she 's stolen not his thunder.

Perchance she might, but she well knew
That she could do much better—
I 'll prove this true ere I am through
That he is much her debtor.

She 's cleared away the underbrush
Of primeval tradition,
And now the modern man doth rush
To hear her erudition.

For college doors are yawning wide,
And dons bid her to enter
Where once man, mighty in his pride,
Alone was head and centre.

The lore of Galen, all is hers,
Blackstone is but a primer,
And yet it is a truth, kind sirs,
She cooks a first-rate dinner.

She poses on the platform high,
A true Delsartean model ;
No curtain lectures deigns to try
As did poor sister Caudle.

She wields the brush with dextrous skill ;
Her pen flies o'er the paper
And glowing thoughts the pages fill
While lowly burns the taper—

For he 's asleep, the dear good soul,
Dreaming of stocks and mortgage,
And wond'ring where he 'll find a hole
To creep through on the shortage.

But waking with the morning light,
He finds that all his worry
In her black scratches of the night,
She 's settled in a hurry.

Finance for her no secrets has,
She dotes on exploitations,
And dabbles in such trifles as
The destinies of nations.

2

In journalism she 's abreast
With man in all its stages,
And on her laurels well may rest ;
A queen among her pages.

She hath her well-appointed club,
Her luncheons and her dinners ;
No sect nor creed she now doth snub,
But feasts with saints and sinners.

In truth, from bondage woman 's free—
Still one thing more she claims, sirs ;
Her right to vote—and you must see
'T will be our nation's gain, sirs !

ENTREMETS.

ALL things in life are relative ;
Weakness to strength aid oft doth give ;
Strength, to forced conditions must comply ;—
Weakness, untrammelled, may to her succor fly.

.
Dress surely does a difference make ;
When you have grave affairs at stake,
A well cut coat, a stylish hat,
Essential are, remember that.

.
Believe all things will right themselves,
In course of evolution ;
We 're climbing higher, stage by stage,—
Attempt no revolution.

.
The poet is a man of moods.
To-day he sings, to-morrow broods ;
To-day is bland, to-morrow raves,
Unrestful as old Neptune's waves.

BECKEY.

SHE 'S just a little thoroughbred,
From tip of toe to crown of head ;
And be it fair, or be it storm,
She 's always in the best of form.

Her lips are fresh as morning dew,
Her eyes are of cerulean blue ;
Her hair is brown, touched light with gold,
And fashioned close in classic fold.

Her laugh is like the mountain rill,
Spontaneous, bubbling from the hill ;
Her tears—alas, that she should weep—
Are like the spray on ocean's deep,

Her soul is white as falling snow,
Her heart is red with love's own glow ;
And in life's heat, or in its cold,
Our Beckey 's worth her weight in gold.

A WINTER IDYL.

TO BABY COZZENS.

SWIFT falls the snow,
The wild winds blow
Around the "Monterey";
And shadows deep
In corners creep,
This bleak and wintry day.

The shades of lawn
Are upward drawn,
Within the "Monterey";
And gusty clouds
Like demon crowds
Peep in, then speed away.

Now, smiling bright,
A winsome mite,—
Pride of the "Monterey"
Comes in to cheer
With presence dear
The gloom so dense and gray.

Fair, sweet, and fresh
Her dainty flesh,—
Babe of the "Monterey,"
Right from her bath
Her good bonne hath
Brought her so blithe and gay.

And now upon
Her couch of down—
Safe in the "Monterey"—
She crows to see
A sunbeam free
Burst from the clouds astray.

It flickered o'er
The polished floor,
 Within the "Monterey ;"
Then quick arose,
Kissed her pink toes,
 And trembling fled away.

One glance she gave,—
Reproachful, grave,
 There in the "Monterey ;"
Which said, "Mamma,
And you, papa,
 Have cozzened it away."

A LIVELY DAY ON OLYMPUS.

ONE morn in eighteen ninety-nine
Great Jove awoke from his sleep divine.
With an ominous shake of his mighty beard
He seemed a god to be well feared.
With royal mien and kingly pride
He gazed o'er his dominions wide,
And, glancing down the cerulean blue,
He thought he saw there something new.
Quick called he Juno to his side ;
She came, majestic and keen-eyed.

"Look quickly down below," said he,
"And tell me if aught strange you see !"

Her swift glance cleft the ether space,
A puzzled look came o'er her face ;

And turning quick to Jove, she spoke,
"I think, my dear, it looks like smoke."

"Now, how came smoke in Olympian air,
Except by my cigar puffed there?
What caitiff dare my realm invade?
I'll soon reduce him to a shade!"

They silent stood, in watchful ire,
And still the smoke kept floating higher.
At length with clash, and clang, and jar,
A locomotive drew up with a Pullman car.

(Quoth Jove:)

"What infernal thing is that?"
As a man in tweed and soft felt hat
Sprang out before the train had stopped,
And right at Juno's feet he dropped.

"Who be ye, presumptuous stranger,—
Know you not your head's in danger?"

And what is that? and who are they
That dare in Jove's high realm to stray?"

"O, that's a special from New York,
With Dr. Depew and some of his sort;
And a poor inventor, making a trip
To try his new patent railway grip.—
But, here's a card with my address;
I'm a reporter for the United Press.

"Gods and men are the same to me,—
In our pursuit they needs must be,
And nothing goes unless I swear
That everything is on the square."

At these words Juno smiled, quite pleased,
And Jove's deep wrath was quick appeased.
(*Said He:*)

"You're the man I'm glad to know,
For you can give me the news from below."

“O, yes, indeed, but there’s much to tell,—
And I think I hear the dinner-bell.”

(Says Juno :)

“I quite understand your suggestion,
And I trust our fare will suit your digestion.
I’ll be your hostess and Jove your protector—
We’ll feed you ambrosia and toast you on
nectar.”

“That’s right ; Juno and I in this agree,—
While you’re in town we’ll board you free.”

“Thanks, then, I’ll at once begin my tale—
Your nectar might make my memory fail.

“We tread our equator and converse at ease
With friends in the far antipodes.
We ride on the water, float in air,
And reach our attics without climbing a stair.
We solid ice in midsummer freeze,
And make fine combs for honey-bees.

—By the way, if you 'll the contract let us,
We'd like to make some for Hymettus.—
But, I digress. My friends, you see
Our commercial instincts shadow me.
I'll hasten now my simple tale—
Things down below so soon grow stale.

“Our electric light puts out the moon,
And makes the midnight like the noon,—”
(*Quoth Jove :*)

“You daring mortals arouse my wonder;
You've got our lightning and will soon steal
our thunder.”

“O, never, Jove,—we make our own;
To hear it on the stage you'd groan.
But the half my tale is not yet told;
And, pray don't think me over bold,
But we've brave heroes from the wars
Who'd soon put hors de combat Mars;

Barmaids fair as the queen of Sheba,
Who far outshine your little Hebe,
And nymphs of the dance, so agile and light
They 'd beat Terpsichore out of sight.
And we an Adonis have down there,
With whom Apollo can't compare.
And lordly youths, so tall and fleet
That Mercury's laurels would fade at their feet."

(Roared Jove :)

"Cease your comparisons odious,
Or I 'll give you quarters less commodious !
You prove your boasts, or, ere you lunch,
I 'll treat you to a hemlock punch !
Fleet-winged Hermes shall go down,
And warn your creatures of renown
'T is mighty Jove's imperial will
They hither come to try their skill."

"O, send not Hermes,—he's far too slow
To run on errands down below.

I'll summon them through the telephone,
And swift your message will make known.
Watch well, and you'll espy them soon
Sailing up in a big balloon."

They waited on the giddy height
To watch their guests' quick upward flight.
Full soon they came with laughter and jest,
For their noble ship had sailed its best.
Then Jove assembled all his court.
(*Said He:*)

"Of these pigmies we'll make fine sport!"

He seated him in kingly pride,
The stately Juno by his side;
And close around his courtiers sate,
The novel contests to await.

"On with the dance," was his command,
And at his bidding appeared a band

Most wondrous bright, and dazzling fair ;
All seemingly to tread on air.
The dance went on with subtle grace,—
Intense excitement filled the place.
Wise men, grown bald in pious age,
Sat raptured close unto the stage ;
While adolescents, with foot-ball mats,
Filled the air with tossing hats.

Then sudden came an ominous pause—
Followed quick by a burst of applause,
Brava ! brava ! Loierisqué ; Encore ! Encore !
(*Roared Jove :*)

“ Enough ! Enough ! No more—no more !
If defeated is our Terpsichore,
I swear 't was done by trickery.
Next comes Beauty on the list,—
And on stern justice I now insist.”

And Beauty came,—such beauty I ween,
As never before united was seen.

It took but a moment the palm to award,
For each and all were of accord.
Fair Venus turned in anger away,—
A professional beauty had won the day.

(Cried Jove :)

Venus darling, don't you fret,—
You 'll get the best of Lily yet,
Time will play her ugly pranks,
While you 'll keep fresh from your salty tanks.
Don't crawl back to your old half-shell—
This thing is but a monstrous sell."

Then—

To his factotum, white with fear,
With shout stentorian and clear :

"Bring forth the vaunted young athlete
With wing-heeled Hermes to compete!"

Silent and swift progressed the race,—
A sombre spell hung o'er the place.
Each sporty maid a flyer took,
And wrote her favorite in her book.
With sullen face and brow grown black
Soon Hermes went limping off the track,
While, with swinging step and easy grace,
The New York athlete won the race.

Great Jove sank back upon his throne,
And from his lips escaped a groan.

“ I give to you one trial more—
That shall decide what 's gone before.
I challenge your heroes from the wars
To mortal combat with great Mars.”

Mars first appeared, in strength and might,
In Vulcan's armor burnished bright ;—
Then, came a man in blue and gold,
With a rifle, and bullets fresh from the mould.

Quick flashed in air Mars' glittering blade,—
The man in blue stood undismayed.
A flash of fire—a puff of smoke,—
A bullet through Mars' strong shield broke,
And entering his mighty breast—
The gods' great warrior was at rest.

The stately Juno tore her hair—
Jove roared aloud in wild despair.
But, when his rage was somewhat spent,
He for our good reporter sent.

(Said He :)

“Young man, you've won this day,
But your own defeat is on its way,—
Not to you, nor your worldings, the palm I yield,
But to Progress, which shatters the strongest
shield.

We've been asleep for countless ages,
While you have advanced by rapid stages ;

But the wheel of Progress will crush you soon,
So hasten back to your balloon."

"I thank you, Jove, for your kindly moral,—
In return, accept a dose of chloral.
It will send you back to your blessed sleep,
And the scenes of this day from your memory
keep."

Jove took the potion in his grasp,
And, leaning back, said with a gasp :

"Young man, young man, I pray you go ;
I wish no more of your world to know."

Then the crafty reporter came back to town,
And sat up till midnight to write this all down.

“FOR SWEET CHARITY’S SAKE.”

(Written for a Hospital Fair.)

“CAST thy bread upon the waters,”
And it shall return to thee cake,
O ye parents, sons and daughters,
With never a pain nor an ache.

Hie to the Fair with thy ducats,
And spend them with jolly good will,—
Where e’er you lower your buckets
You’re sure to be pleased with their fill.

Ah, the soft hands that will serve you
And return all change that is due ;
Pray, don’t let prices unnerve you—
They’re “fair,”—Be assured this is true.

When thou return'st to thy dwelling,
Be it mansion, palace or flat,
It surely goes without telling
Thou 'lt be all the happier that

Some head may rest on a pillow
That else might have lain on a stone,
Some life be caught on the billow,
Tossing out to the great unknown.

Go tell thy friends and thy neighbors
How water-soaked bread evolves cake—
How vast the gain of thy labors
When spent for "Sweet Charity's Sake!"

SONG PERSONAL.

To E. G.

(With apologies to Auld Lang Syne.)

SHOULD ancient muses be forgot,
Unheard their classic rhymes,
Because, alas, it is our lot
To dwell in modern times?
Should Eschylus and Sophocles,
Euripides as well,
Ignored be, when at our ease
We may hear them read so well?

Then here's to these great poets three,
Who now in Hades dwell
And thanks to kindly Fate's decree
That gives us Lionel! *

* Dramatic Reader.

There dwelleth now in Gotham's heart
A matron, wise as kind ;
She mingleth food with subtle art
For body and for mind.
To classic drama and to lunch
She biddeth us to come,
And digests with a bowl of punch
Her mental pabulum.

Then here 's to her, our hostess kind,
A woman up to date,
Who never leaves her friends behind,
What e'er may be their fate.

THE FALL OF THE MODERN EVE.

IT was that same forbidden fruit
Which caused poor Eve's sad fall,—
But she was spinning on her wheel,
And 't was a closer call.

No gallant Adam by her side,
Her accident to share ;
And on her shoulders lay the blame
That he himself might spare.

For she a woman was, quite new,—
That sure was just like Eve ;
But then she dressed in finer style
And wore a bigger sleeve.

It happened thus, one bracing morn
When autumn's fruit hung red,
She mounted her new shining wheel
And o'er the country sped.

The wind among the branches played,
And carpeted the ground
With gorgeous leaves, and oft-times too
An apple there was found.

But out of sight, so slyly hid,
No woman fast or slow—
Upon her wheel!—could e'er suspect
The danger lurking low.

O treacherous fruit, the cause of all
A woman's wicked woe,—
How dear, how dire to her thou 'st been,
None but her sex can know!

Onward she rolled, this woman new,
Triumphant, brave, and free,—
Her wheel the hidden apple found ; —
Then came catastrophe !

Naught but a pile of débris, seemed
This wreck so subtly made
Of woman fair and high-grade wheel,
That in the dust was laid.

Silent and still, so stunned was she,
A moment lay she there ;
Then came tumultuous sobs and tears—
'T was n't feminine to swear.

All bruised and battered was her wheel,
Her clothes to tatters torn ;
As drearily she scrambled up,
Of her high courage shorn.

For miles and miles from home was she ;
Naught living was in sight,—
Save two red cows with glittering horns
That put her in a fright.

“ I almost wish I had n't come
Out here so far alone—
It was n't safe, he told me so ;
Oh, dear, if I had known.”

Her tear-stained face she buried close
Within her hands begrimed,—
Nor wist that he who “ told ” her so
Was scorching up behind.

The situation at a glance
His practiced eye took in ;
“ By all the gods, now 's just the time
To take my chance and win !

"She snubbed me right and left last night,
When I to win her sought ;
So self-sufficing she appeared
I felt my suit was naught."

He flung him from his noiseless steed,
By a true instinct led,
And clasped her to his throbbing heart
Ere she could raise her head.

A nervous little shriek she gave—
Which closed in glad surprise,
And through the dimmish tears there shone
A love light in her eyes.

Then he with ardor kissed her thrice,
Unheeding tears or grime ;
And blessed the "bike" that brought him there
Just in the nick of time.

With well stocked "kit" and dextrous hand
 He spliced the broken wheel,
And side by side they rolled away
 Together, for woe or weal.

L'Envoi.

The whispering breeze laughed low,
 And the leaves in mirth tossed high,
The apples danced on the topmost bough
 Beneath a smiling sky;

Then in mocking chorus came the shout:
 " 'What fools these mortals be!'—
Why must they all eat of the fruit
 Of the forbidden tree?"

TO L. A.

MY neighbor comes in for a cup of tea,
She is British, and I Yankee.
We discuss Venezuela and the fishery,
But in the end we both agree
That "arbitration," for her and me,
Is the healthiest seasoning for our tea.
So the "Stars and Stripes" and "Union Jack"
Are shunted off to a safe side-track.

TO C. B. F.

(On the receipt of the gift of a sterling silver pen-holder.)

DEAR Clinton, we have often heard
“The pen is mightier than the sword,”
But, list ! I’ll whisper what I think :
’T is not the sword, the pen nor ink ;
Convinced am I, as I grow older,
The “ might ” is in the “ sterling holder.”

AT THE BANQUET.

THE world is round, wise men declare,
And like a ball hangs in the air;
But it will have an end, they say,
When certain forces come in play;
And shall within its starry height
Explode like bomb of dynamite.

And thus the round of pleasure may
Come to an end, 'most any day;
So, be thou wise, and ever try
To catch this charmer "on the fly,"
Nor wait for her to settle quite,—
Be it broad day or densest night.

But, fleet and fragile are her wings—
Grasp her not rudely, lest she stings;

Pursue her not beyond the bound
Of right's and reason's solid ground,
Else she may lead you fast and far
Beyond your happy natal star.

But this is her demesne to-night,
And here she pauses in her flight.
She soars and circles o'er each guest,
Then, diving down, sinks low to rest
Within the crystal goblet's brim,
And temptingly smiles up at him.

Then let us have her out, I say,—
No more at hide and seek we'll play,
But drink her down and make her ours
Beyond recall by all the powers.
So here 's to Pleasure! gay and bright,
A willing captive here to-night.

A BIT OF HISTORY.

WILD throbbed the hearts of the "22nd,"
Twenty-five years ago to-night,
As they bravely marched where duty beckoned,
To secure the Union's imperiled might.
And as they marched adown Broadway,
Those noble men in modest gray,
The welkin rang with loud acclaim
Of man, and lad, and lass, and dame.
But the mightiest cheers on the night air wafted
Were the plaudits of those who could n't be
drafted.
The blind, the halt, the lame,
Grew blinder, lamer, halter ;
But still, as news of battle came,
Their courage stood firm as the Rock of
Gibraltar.

Our gallant band marched on its way
And took the train without delay.
They landed safe in Baltimore,
And there remained two weeks and o'er.
How well they bore their hardships there
The country knows, so I'll forbear,
But simply note their great distress
When anything went wrong at mess.
They blacked their boots, they brushed their
clothes,
And in their buttonholes wore a rose.

Now, time was big with great events,
And forced were they to strike their tents.
Again away by rail they went,
For Uncle Sam had kindly sent
Those brave defenders of the nation
A train of cars for their transportation.
Safe arrived at Harper's Ferry,
With quinine and whiskey—'t was well to be
wary,—

Footsore and weary from riding in cars,
They sat them down and smoked their cigars.
Their hearts with warlike ardor filled,
They really felt a little chilled
To find no rebels there
Who needed their especial care.
But stoics were they in that ancient day,
So they lay down to rest on blankets the best
And all dangers scorning, slept soundly till
morning.

Camp-life at Harper's Ferry, Boys!
Who does not regret it?
Who can e'er forget it?

Of active service we had not much,
But our discipline was such
That, could we have proved our mettle,
As sure as fate we'd have won the battle.

Once, as dawn's rosy fingers
Drew the curtains of night,

The long roll resounded—
That surely meant fight !
Awaked from our dreams
From our blankets we bounded,
But only to find the danger
Unfounded.

Weeks rolled by,—no enemy came,
But we served our country all the same.
These sacred words resigned us to our fate :
“ They also serve who only stand and wait.”

Though battle came not with its blood-red
hand,
Still death crept into our gallant band
And took from us our brave commander,
A man of wisdom, truth, and candor.

“ The king is dead ! Long live the king ! ”
Are words that must together ring.
We dropped a tear on Monroe's bier,

Our offerings laid upon his pall,
Then, turned to greet our Aspinwall.
He too has passed to the great beyond,
Severing still another bond.
With God's jewels, the flowers,
We shall soon deck their graves,
While we bless the great powers
Our Union still saves.

Though bloodless was our first campaign,
The "22nd" went forth again
And some among us fought and fell
Amid the shower of shot and shell.

But we come not here to-night
Our country's battles again to fight ;
But come we in peace and come we in love
With a tear for our comrades in the grand
 army above,
And a word and a cheer
For those who are here.

All hail! to you, veteran brothers,
To you, colonels, commanders, and others,
And hail! all hail! to the memory of dear old
Abe

Who said he reckoned "the Union would have
Gone to pieces without the '22nd.'"

To-night we are a quarter of a century older,
But never have our hearts felt bolder;
So let us seem as young and merry
As we were in camp at Harper's Ferry,
While we our flowing bumpers drain
In memory of our first campaign.

NOTE.—The foregoing lines were delivered at a banquet given by the veterans of the Twenty-second Regiment, N. G., N. Y., to commemorate the twenty-fifth anniversary of their first campaign in our late civil war.

A TOAST.

HERE 's to the sparkling spray,—
To the lightsome foam so fleet!
—'T is the cruel hidden undertow
That drags us off our feet.

So here 's to mirth and laughter—
Whate'er beneath them hide!
—Sail we above the breakers high,
But 'ware the ebbing tide.

And here 's to fun and folly!
If life be but a span
No time have we for melancholy,—
Be joyous while we can!

ACROSTIC.

JOY-BELLS, ring ye a glad acclaim,—
Unto high Heaven resound her fame!
Linger and list—she cometh—our queen,
In jewels and laces and satin's sheen,
Entwining young Romeo's heart with her own,
Trilling her song with her angel's tone.
Thou glorious Melba! Thou Juliette fair!
Encore! Encore! or I die with despair.

NETHERSOLE'S CARMEN.

A DEMON of beauty in scarlet and gold,
A seductive, gay coquette ;
With her supple grace and glances bold,
Smoking a cigarette,—
That 's Carmen.

A colorless maid in faded blue,
Pure as an angel's dream ;
A saintly calm, a love as true
And—cool, as a mountain stream.
Dolores.

A soldier brave to face the foe,—
Unused to woman's wiles ;
A glance—a touch—an acacia's blow
Disturbs, distracts, beguiles.
Don José.

His sergeant's stripes for Carmen lost,
And struck from honor's roll,—
Still, all 's not gone, though dear the cost—
He saved his Nether—sole.
That 's nature.

PROPERTY KISSES.

SHE kisses him sweet, and she kisses him
long,
In the glare of the lights, in the face of the
throng,
And never a chance of one he misses—
He must not, indeed, for they 're property kisses.

It 's all in the way of business, you know,
And adds so much to the spice of the show ;
And, rains it applause, or seethes it with hisses,
He faithfully garners his property kisses.

The lights are turned down,—the play is all
over,—

The curtain conceals a maid and her lover ;
And he swears by his soul he knows what true
bliss is,

As he pays back with interest her property
kisses.

LE BALLET.

THE fair Terpsichore veils her face,
O, list unto her wailing;
She cannot keep up to the pace
With " Fuller " skirts prevailing.

THE ABSCONDING CASHIER.

After "The Bridge of Sighs."

ONE more unfortunate,
Greedy of cash,
Rashly importunate,
Gone all to smash.

Think of him tenderly
All ye bereft,
With purses so slenderly
Filled since he left.

Alas for rascality,—
From that locality
Quick must he run.
O, it was pitiful,
In a whole city full,
All he must shun.

Forced was he to fly
With his treasures untold,—
And ne'er a good-bye
To shorn lambs in his fold.

Speeding on to the northward
By day and by night,
He crossed the big bridge
And there ended his flight.

Eating his breakfast there—
Tasting so clammily,—
All that is left of him here,
Is his family.

~ One more unfortunate,
Greedy of cash,
Rashly importunate,
Cutting a dash.

FLOTSAM.

“**R**EEF in the sails!” the captain roars,
Then oil upon the water pours;
But wilder, fiercer grows the storm—
The crew turn white in dread alarm.
The salt sea washes o’er the deck—
The staunch proud ship is doomed to wreck.

“More oil! more oil!” the captain cries,
And anxious scans the sullen skies.
“The oil ’s all out, we ’ve no more hope—
There ’s nothing left but —— —— !”
“We ’re saved! we ’re saved!” exclaimed the
mate,
“This cargo light decides our fate.

“The ship may sink with all its boats,
But the —— ———, it floats, it floats!
We ’ll straightway build of it a raft——”
At this the crew and captain laughed,
But instantly the angry waves
Swept scoffers all to watery graves.

The wise mate seized a trusty rope
And closely bound the cakes of ——;
Then launched them on the stormy sea
And sprang aboard, right merrily.
Thus he was washed quite clean ashore,
As never man was washed before.

GRATITUDE.

TO S. I. J.

TO please my lord, I often try
 To make a sapid, juicy pie ;
But all my efforts are in vain,—
He frowns upon them with disdain.

Though hard I strive to please his palate
He cries to Bridget, “ Bring the mallet,—
No knife and fork can ever make
Upon this pie a single break.”

Then straightway to my den I go
And pen my grief in rhythmic woe ;
And, thinking thus to move his pity,
I give to him the mournful ditty.

" Art thou gone mad ? " aloud he cries ;
" I want not *poetry*, but *pies* ! "
But since this morn all things are changed,
No more we two shall be estranged.
My heart is light, my eyes are dry,—
I know where I can *buy* good pie.

My grateful heart, full to the brim,
Goes out in thankfulness to him
Who sent to me, with kindly thought,
The luscious pie his baker brought.

“RATTLED.”

'T WAS in the glorious summer time
Two sportsmen, gay and witty,
Unto our royal Vineyard came
From out the broiling city.

All wild and eager for the chase,
Ne'er cared for love nor beauty,
But, with a field glass in its case,
They sallied out quite sporty.

The wily woodchuck was the game
These huntsmen brave affected,
So, slyly to his haunts they came,
Lest they might be detected.

A meadow wide, with carpet green,
By rocks and trees surrounded,
Was where the woodchucks most were seen—
For there they most abounded.

These town sports on a hillock sat
And focussed well their glasses,
Unconscious of a woodchuck that
Watched them among the grasses.

'T is true, they long time scanned what seemed
A hole all black and yawning,
But never for an instant dreamed
It was the woodchuck sunning,

Till suddenly he whisked his tail
And for the woods departed—
They seized their guns and on his trail
In mad pursuit they started.

They followed fast, they followed far,
 Their victim swift retreating,
But naught less than a trolley car
 Could cope with his wild fleeing.

Not thus again might it be said
 Their vision was deceptive—
To each strange spot a charge of lead
 Should prove their aim effective.

Then turning quite disgruntled back
 To the far hillock slowly,
They spied an object—small and black—
 Which lay there still and lowly.

"By Jove! At last we've got one fair—
 Now blaze away like thunder!"
Bang! Bang! "Great Scott, we've hit him
 square—
What the deuce was that, I wonder!"

There came a crash of breaking glass
With splinters thick, fast flying,
And gleaming there a shattered mass
Where they 'd left their field glass lying.

They spake no word, but wiped their brows
And sat down where the shade is—
Next day, as everybody knows,
They picnicked with the ladies !

Vineyard Lodge,
Adirondacks.

“REGRETS.”

TO MADELEINE.

IN “Roosevelt” lies my only maid
Exceeding ill with quinsy—
My lord, in faultless garb arrayed,
A smile from me ne’er wins he.

Forced am I in the cuisine
With pots and pans to wrestle ;—
No more in salon reign I queen
Nor on soft fauteuils nestle.

And, while I ’m grinding in the mill
The fragrant bean of Java,
My temper’s glowing like a still
Of seething, molten lava.

For—though I 'm disciplined to toil
And oft am disappointed,
And much consume the midnight oil,—
I 'm not of the anointed.

Alas, my dear, this direful strait
Precludes my going to you,—
Pray Heaven that ne'er malicious fate
May such a mixture brew you.

HALF SEAS OVER.

MAY day at morn we sailed away
By the Anchor Line, adown the bay.
Our great Republic we left behind
With its banners flying in the wind,
For just one hundred years had passed
Since our Nation's die was firmly cast.

Weak patriots then we all must be,
Just at this time to go to sea.
What is the charm that draws us so,
Across the brine to our ancient foe ?
'T was a dreadful quarrel, fierce and wild,
But 't was well for the mother and best for the
child.

A hundred years of peace and war
Have left us without wound or scar,
And across three thousand briny miles
Old England beckons us and smiles.
She sends us goodly ships and strong,
Which bear us over in many a throng.

Brave Scotland, too, throws out her line,
And baits her hook so wondrous fine
That no man can remain at home
When once he views the *City of Rome*.
So here 's good luck to her captain and crew,
A safe quiet trip to her voyageurs too!

Concert, *City of Rome*, 1889.

A FOOTBALL EPISODE.

SHE was tripping up the Avenue,
This maiden brave and fair ;
And he was pacing down it, too,
Quite gay and debonair.

The orange and black adorned her breast,—
He wore the Yale's dark blue ;
The sun was sinking low to rest,
And down bowled the football crew.

The blue, triumphant, proudly waved,—
The orange and black drooped low ;
The maiden paused—the crowd she braved
With her gorgeous Princeton bow.

"You 're beaten, take it off !" he cried,
As he met her, face to face.
"Never ! good sir, pray step aside,—
'T were best you kept your pace."

She passed him by with scornful mien,
He turned and followed on,—
The Yale's dark blue had lost its sheen,
The orange and black had won.

IN POTENTIAL MOOD.

SHE held the tiller, he rowed the boat,—
While the whippoorwill trilled his plaintive note ;

And the purple shadows, soft and dim,
Spread a royal mantle over them.

The twilight waned,—and lake and sky
Met close in darksome mystery ;
While whispering pines on the dusky shore
Told weird tales ne'er heard before.

O, haste thee, boatman, with thine oar !
Steer, gentle coxswain, for the shore !
O, summer night,—sweet, subtle, wild,—
Alas ! the hearts thou hast beguiled.

IN CAMP AT RAQUETTE LAKE.

O WHO would dwell
In a big hotel,
Amid the noise and clatter ;
Or promenade
Piazzas broad,
And listen to the chatter?

Not you nor I,—
We quick would fly
Unto the woods and waters ;
And build a camp,
Be it dry or damp,
Nor seek for finer quarters.

We 'll not be rude
In our solitude,
Though trail of beast doth track it,—
But to our friends
Will make amends,
And bid them to the Raquette.

VACATION.

AWAY, away from the bustle and din,
Away from the city's soil and sin,
Away from the carking cares of life,
Away from humanity's toil and strife ;

Up, up to the mountains, down to the sea,
On to the wilderness fresh and free,
With rifle and bag, with rod and with reel,
Over rocks and through thickets silently steal.

Through midsummer days and cool dewy nights,
Ah, tarry with nature and taste her delights ;
Then, in the sere autumn, hardened and brown,
Return well equipped for your labors in town.

“OUR CLUB.”

BY ONE OF US.

A BAND of bright women are accustomed
to meet

In a modest house, on a quiet street,
To read one day in every week
Original English, or—translated Greek.
The hostess, a matron of practical life,—
A fond weak mother and fair housewife,—
Still, feels her life is not quite full,
So at the Muses takes a pull.
Each member of this brilliant band
On her own convictions takes her stand,
And be the topic what it may,
Every individual has her say.

We 're liberal in sects and creeds,—
Each follows the one her soul most needs.
We 've read every author from here to
Kamchatka,—
Emerson, Tolstoi, and Madame Blavatsky.
From all we have drained their wondrous lore;
To us, they 're squeezed lemons, and nothing
more.
Keppler and Newton are weak silly boys,
Their works in our hands have become idle
toys.
Old Plato is torn to Lilliputian shreds,
And Socratic philosophy no more light sheds.
Zoroaster, Buddha, and old Mahomet
Are thin and light as the tail of a comet.
We scale Parnassus with perfect ease,
And descend to "Inferno" when e'er we please.
We climb the embankments of the stars,
And stare out of countenance blushing Mars.
Thus, having gained all heights and depths,
O, whither now betake our steps?

This problem great our souls perplexed,—
What *can* we modern Eves do next?

And thus it chanced, one gloomy day
We met together, quite blasé,
An uncanny silence brooded o'er all,—
A reign of vacuity held us in thrall ;
Then one, divinely illumined, spoke,
And these electric words the dullness broke :—
" Say, girls, do you know it is opening day,—
Let us go see the fashions, what do you say? "

A joyous thrill shot through each breast,
And the vexèd question was laid to rest.
We went,—and O, such lovely things !
From Paris hats to diamond rings.
We returned,—alas, financial wrecks,
But lovely woman is so complex—

QUATRAINS.

THE great uncertainty of things
Adds richly to their flavor—
But to the mortal often brings
Confusion with its savor.

Who dares to say that "Love is blind" ?—
None sees so keenly as he ;
Given a shadow, he will find
The substance, the motive, the key.

TO RUTH.

DAINTY, winsome little niece,—
Ne'er a single bit of peace
To be had when you 're about—
How you put all things to rout.

Laughing, chattering in a tongue
Ne'er by mortal said or sung,
And each funny word you speak
Might as well be ancient Greek.

But your clear eyes tell the truth,
And your pantomime, sweet Ruth,
Can't be beaten on the stage
By man or maid of any age.

Creeping, toddling, scattering toys
Everywhere, with fun and noise,
You fill the house and rule us all,
Although you are so very small.

MY FRIEND.

TO KATHERINE J——N.

HAST seen my friend with her soft waving
hair,

With the look on her face that angels wear,
With her willowy form of perfect grace? —
Where e'er she moves some good you trace.

Hast thou heard her voice with its low sad tone,
Or rich with a laughter all its own?
Hast thou heard her whispered words of cheer
To one whose life is cold and drear?

Hast thou seen her sweet eyes fill with tears,
At saddening tales she oft-times hears?

Or the mobile mouth and quivering chin
Which silently voice the grief within ?

Hast thou seen her hand outstretched to aid
A needy man, or sorrowing maid ?
Hast thou felt its sympathetic clasp
When thou wert in misfortune's grasp ?

“No ?” Then, wouldst thou see this friend of
mine,
So sweetly human, yet half divine,—
Look close within thy mirror, dear,
And view the form reflected there.

LOVE'S STRATEGY.

LIKE a breath of summer o'er roses blown,
Love comes with a thrill to claim his own ;
Runs riot in her flowing hair,
Kisses her lips and brow so fair—
No rattling of chains discloses the truth,
That a captive is she of the mischievous youth.

SLUMBER SONG.

(A Maiden, a Hammock, a Garden of Poppies.)

YE gentle zephyrs, softly sigh
And sway her fairy form ;
Bright above is the azure sky
And far away the storm.

Waft o'er her lids, ye drowsy god,
The dust of restful sleep,
And all ye poppies, lightly nod—
Soothe her to slumber deep.

Wild spirit of dreams, whisper low
How I have loved her long,
Nor ventured e'er to tell her so
Save in my voiceless song.

Rest, maiden beloved, O rest,
And sweet be thy repose ;
The Lethe blooms' unconscious guest—
My lips in silence froze.

AFFINITY.

THEY did but meet,—
 She passed him by
With scarce a look ;
But a soft sigh
Replied to his
Obeisance low,
And life took on
A heavenly glow.

ETRETAT.

TWO lofty cliffs above the tide
A quaint old town between them hide;
Narrow streets and winding ways,
Houses toned to tender grays,
Bright-hued gardens, rose-climbed walls,
And over all the sunlight falls.

Normandy, France.

UNSOLVED.

WHENCE come we? Whither go?
We search the heights, the depths
below.

With zeal we scan the learnèd pages
Of Darwin, and a host of sages.
It seemeth quite too wide a chasm
Back from man to protoplasm.
Anon, we read of saints and sinners,—
Some fasted, and some ate good dinners;
But when they came to lay life down—
Who can tell if either won a crown?
And thus in doubt we still are left,
Of faith and reason near bereft.
No saint nor sage the problem solves,
But in denser maze the truth involves.

Then why the Alpha and Omega seek,
Since Christian, Jew, and pagan Greek
Have sought, and ever sought in vain,
Their mighty secrets to obtain?
The past is dead,—the future yet unborn.
In the living present let us learn
A creed for the Eternal Now—
A doctrine that shall teach us how
To make of every good the most,
To see in evil but a ghost.
A gospel of love, for youth and age,
Shining with truth on every page,
Which heals the body, cheers the soul,
And makes of man a perfect whole.

All this was taught long years ago
By One who came on earth to show
That sickness and sorrow need not endure,
If hearts were true and lives were pure.

TO THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF NEW
ENGLAND WOMEN.

A WAKE! O Muse, and tune thy lyre
To notes of patriotic fire ;
That each responsive, vibrant string
Shall with New England's glory ring.

I greet ye, daughters of a race
Where brain and muscle kept apace.
Stern were the lives our fathers led,
By labor and by hardships bred.

But, healthful was that honest toil,
Grand were the products of the soil ;
And everywhere New England birth
Is synonym for sturdy worth.

Giants of intellect boast we,—
Fruits from our ancestral tree,
Whose branches spreading o'er the land
For freedom and for justice stand. .

Divines, philosophers, and seers,
Thoughtful workers, pioneers
In all great schemes for human weal
Are plain stamped with New England's seal.

But not alone to man is due
The glory of this England new.
No minor part need woman claim,
No cause to blush for sex or name.

Hath thought, ye daughters, o'er the list
Of names by fame and honor kissed?
Glorious women, brave and free,
Born of our favored ancestry?

Remember ye brave Lucy Stone?
Wondrous the seed that she hath sown.
Her work, colossal, in woman's field,
And rich and full the harvest yield.

But rough and thorny was the soil,—
Tradition's rocks near wrecked her toil.
She sought the legislative hall:
"What!" cried aloud those Solons all,
"A woman in our halls of state?—
She's crazed—she needs a jacket straight;—
A dangerous precedent 't would be
To yield her sex such dignity!"

Then one uprose, calm, unperturbed:
"Unduly, my colleagues, are you disturbed;
Fear not a precedent to make
Or vain tradition thus to break.
The world is moving on apace,—
Not sex, but Justice wins the race;

If you would not be left behind
 Let this brave woman speak her mind."
 Thus, with firm persuasive note
 He won for Lucy Stone the vote.
 And, to the "House,"* where on the floor
 No womankind e'er spoke before,
 Presented her to plead her cause
 To those wise makers of the laws.

A valiant man was Harry Gray,
 Who dared in that benighted day
 Uphold the woman's cause, and rate
 Her equal to her lordly mate.
 No sons left he to bear his name,
 But daughters, all unknown to fame ;
 And one to-day this tribute pays
 Of recognition and of praise.

Now count we her whose works and ways
 Are crownèd with immortal bays.

*Vermont Legislature.

TO VIRGIL
AENEID

102 *National Society of New England Women.*

Whose daring words, white, seething hot,
Dropped scorching on the accursèd blot
Which stained our honor, stamped a lie
On this boasted land of liberty.
Peace! Harriet Beecher Stowe, to thee,—
Thy pen pierced deep the heart of slavery.

And thou, revered Lucretia Mott,
Thy teachings lightened many a spot
In darkened lives, and thou wast friend
To black and white until life's end.
O, ne'er in philanthropic fields
Did laborer garner fairer yields.

In letters we may proudly count
Names high writ on Parnassus Mount,—
So manifold, nor space, nor time
Permit inscription in our rhyme.
But Margaret Fuller's genius great,
Together with her tragic fate,

Deep stir such pride and sympathy
We would not her fair name pass by.

Within cold Science's sacred fane
A lofty seat our sisters claim.
But one illustrious name we quote;—
'T is Maria Mitchell, of learnèd note,
Who in the clear and solemn nights
Invaded the celestial heights
And stole the secrets of the stars
Like the sagest of astronomers,
And deemed it honor to reveal
Their mysteries for her pupils' weal.

In Art, read Harriet Hosmer's name
On Carrara blocks of enduring fame;
And Charlotte Cushman, tragic, grand
Histrionic giant of our land.
An hundred more might we recall,
Women of New England all,

Whose records, though of lighter gauge,
Still glorify our heritage.

Nor need we longer seek behind,
But 'mid contemporaries find
Their powers, virtues, intellect
Through generations held intact,—
That fine ambition, glowing free,
Not simply to possess, but *be*.

'T is true we live in merrier age,—
In light amusements oft engage ;
No witches burn we at the stake,
But free with them our joys partake.
And though in cities gay we dwell
And sometimes dress exceeding well,
Methinks as much of good there be
As in homelier garb and solemnity.
And, though convention oft doth chill,
The patriot fires are burning still.

'T was a noble thought,—patriotic, grand,—
Thus to unite in National band
The women of New England birth
Scattered broadcast o'er the earth.
May history's pages glow and gleam
With its records, fair as Utopian dream,
And to her, its gracious Founder, be
All honor, praise, and loyalty.

A VISION.

SAD and uncertain, in twilight draped
Like a garment gray, with folds unshaped,
I wandered left, then wavered right—
Closer the folds and lesser the light.
With hands outstretched, slow groping before,
I touched a key in an ancient door.
Quick thrilled my being with mortal shock
As with force new born I turned the lock,
And grim and hoarse with protest strong
The ponderous portal backward swung.
I paused in awe on the threshold worn—
What mysteries grave beyond its bourne?
I dared not enter the gruesome void
But quaked with a terror unalloyed,
When an eerie light the darkness broke
And a solemn voice this welcome spoke :

“O child of man, wast not content
With law promulged and document
Which potentate and priest of yore
Provided thee in ample store?
Must thou thyself investigate
The mysteries of church and state?
Need'st thou to reason ever hold,
And shun ecclesiastic fold
Because thy quick'ning intellect
Their cumbrous tenets doth reject?
Behold, I do not censure thee,
Thou art following thy destiny;
Free enter by my favoring grace
This ancient storehouse of thy race,
And if perchance thou find'st the truth
Thou 'st lost in thy insensate youth
Hold fast, till Time no more shall be
And fear not all Eternity.”

With courage born of words so fair
I paused no more, but ent'ring there

I found me in a chamber vast
Whose shelvèd walls were crowded fast
With musty tomes of churchly lore ;
And priestly robes all jeweled o'er
Gleamed iridescent in the gloom
Of the mysterious dim-lit room.
And virgins blest, in satin's sheen,
With pagan gods of classic mien—
Symbolic of old Greece and Rome,
Were crowded close beneath the dome.
Near, Hindu idols, grim, grotesque,
'Round Gautama and Brahma pressed.
Strange Druid altars stained with blood
For savage Britons' cult there stood,
And Isis and Osiris great
Sate gloomily enthroned in state,
While superstitions of every kind
Flitted like bats in the twilight blind.

All this I viewed in mood depressed—
Not here the balm for souls distressed.

Passing on through the shadows afar
I found lying low a broken jar,
And thence arising a misty cloud
Like incense o'er a worshiping crowd.
Though faint and light in its lowly bed
It denser grew as it upward sped,
And mingling thus with the ghostly gloom
Strange darkness fell in the dismal room.

O'er the shattered vase I bowed my head
And on a fragment this message read :

“ Behold, I am the dust of Doubt.
Long, long for freedom have I fought
Close prisoned here by Holy See,
My greatest, cruel enemy.
If thou for truth hast ever sought
Or pined for freedom in thy thought,
Release me from this monstrous thrall
And with me thou shalt compass all.

For death am I to false belief,
Inquiry is my staunchest chief
And oft in council he suggests
Strange by-paths in his mighty quests."

Here closed the message, but to me
It lightened much of mystery,
Revealing why I oft had strayed
Beyond the courts of Wisdom staid.
For doubting, doubting all things fair,
In darkness I had wandered there.
But who had compassed his release,
This arch destroyer of my peace?
Naught but a golden sceptre lay
By shattered jar to mark the fray,
But he who thus had used his power
To man restored a fateful dower.

Faint and oppressed I turned to go,
Doubt e'er had seemed my direst foe—

Better far black veiled night
Than this confused uncertain light.
I hastened back to whence I came—
The massive door had closed again.
Then spake in accents big with cheer
A voice like music in mine ear :

“ O child of Doubt, thy steps retrace—
Rash wert thou to invade this place,
But since thou hast, be it not vain,
Press on, and thou the light shalt gain.”

Then the angel of Hope came winging down
And a subtle force that was not mine own
Hurried me on through the mist and gloom
Till I traversed all the specter-filled room.

Then I entered a grand and domed hall
And the sunlight shone through its crystal
wall.

While in the fair distance a golden door
Impelled me onward to further explore.

In shining letters I read above :
“This guards the way to Truth and Love ;
No doubt nor dogma enter here,
Who holds the key has naught to fear.”

Sadly I gazed at the keyless lock—
Futile must be my summoning knock.
Then the voice again in dulcet tone :
“Behold, thou comest unto thine own,
For 't is purpose high, love strong and pure,
That open for mortals this wondrous door.
Know then, thou holdest the golden key
Which to this kingdom maketh free.”

With tremulous joy I opened the door
And reverent step trod the spotless floor.
Sudden I thrilled with memories rare
Of earlier days and mornings fair

When erst in that hallowed place I stood
Ere doubt has poisoned all my good.

Around I looked in glad amaze—
All was familiar to my gaze,
And there the Master with face divine
Stood reaching forth His hand to mine,
Saying, "Welcome back from doubt and strife,
I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

AD FINEM.

UPON a bleak and barren moor
She dwelt—this woman old and poor.
Half starved, and always scantily clad,
With naught on earth to make her glad.
Rebellious oft, yet knowing not
How to improve her dreary lot.

But, as her life drew near its end,
A longing came for some amend.
A fierce desire possessed her soul
To reach, ere death, a certain goal.
Then from her cabin mean and bare
She stole forth in the chill dark air.

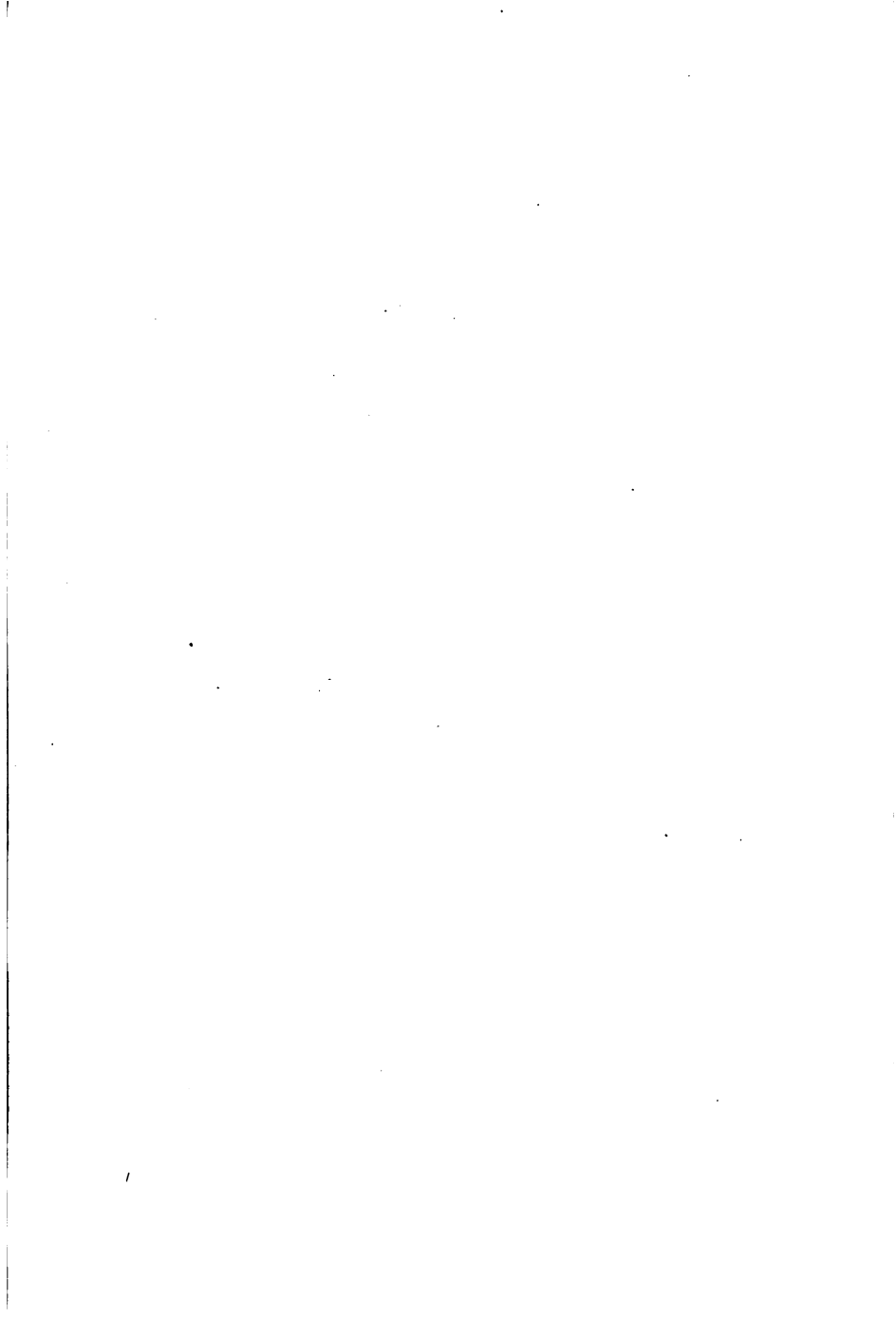
A night and day she hobbled on,
Recked not of darkness nor of sun.
A gleam within her sunken eyes,
Like lightning from the shrouded skies,
Flashed wild, as her uncertain pace
Swift on her course she sought to trace.

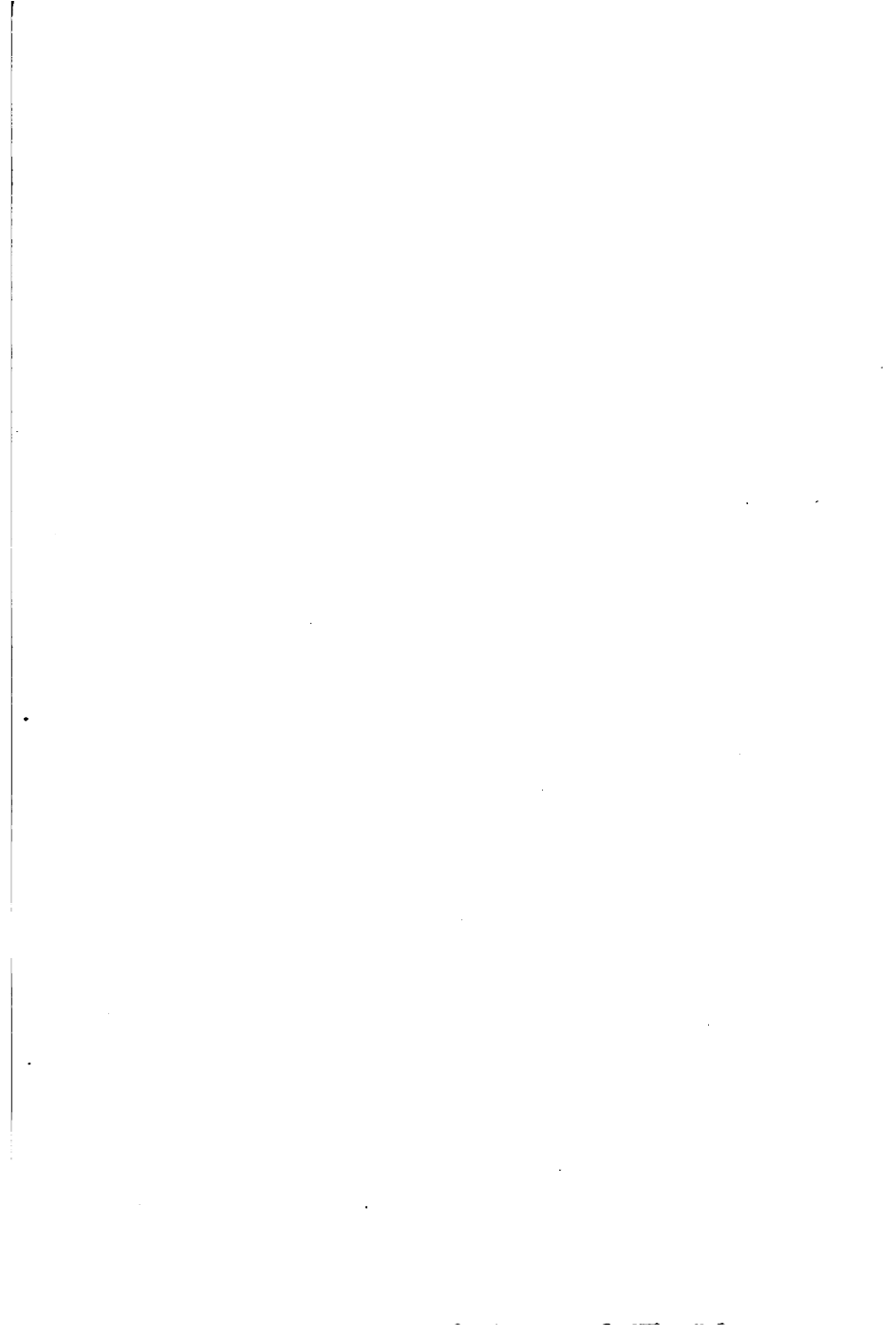
At length, the sun, all glowing red,
Sank to its rest in ocean's bed ;
Its lurid gleams her keen glance caught—
This was the goal the wanderer sought.
"The sea ! the sea !" she shrieked aloud,
"These tossing waves shall be my shroud ;

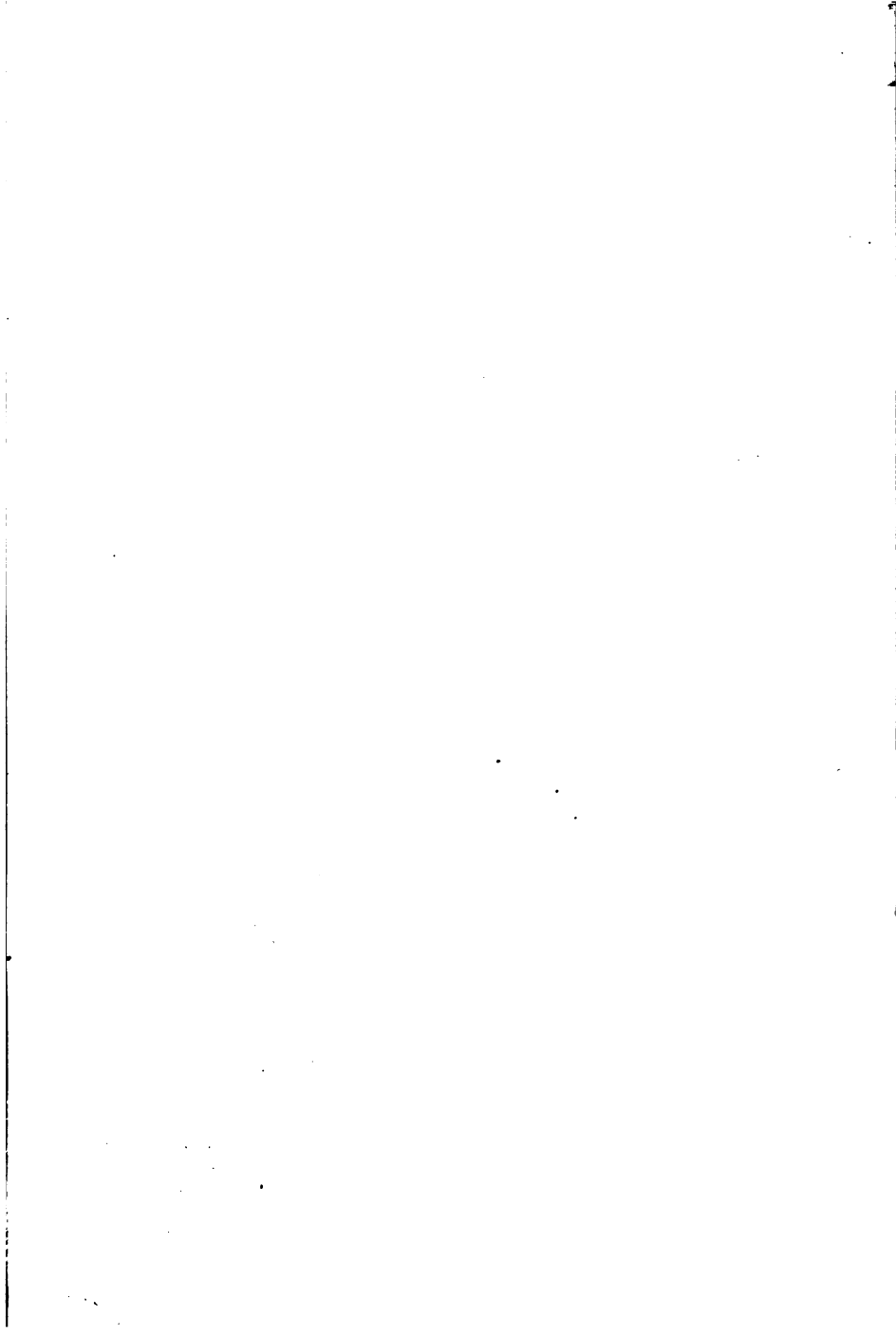
"No more, no more to starve and freeze,
But just to rock on the billowy seas."
She cast her down on the sandy shore,
And listened with glee to the ocean's roar.
Then o'er its limitless expanse
She swept her wild, ecstatic glance.

“O God!” she cried, “the way was rough,
But ’t is so good to see enough
Of *anything* before I go
From this drear world of want and woe.”
The voice ceased; low drooped the head;
The tide crept up, and claimed—its dead.









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